

himself might fall upon the marble or canvas. We need to take exceeding care that no shadow of ourselves, our pride, our vanity, our personal ambitions, our self-seeking, fall upon what we are doing for Christ. To seek to win souls that we ourselves may have the glory of success in Christian work, is to dim and darken the beauty of all we do, and to make ourselves vessels unmeet for the Master's use. We are ready for this most sacred of all ministry only when we are content to be nothing, that Christ may indeed be all in all.

To this work of winning souls every believer in Christ is called. It is emphatically the ministry on which every Sunday-school teacher is sent. If we do not seek to bring lost ones to Christ, why are we teachers at all? Those who sit in our classes, look up into our faces with unspoken yet almost pathetic appeal: "Lead us to Christ. Tell us how to be saved. Show us the way to be Christians." There is no trifling in this world so serious, so terrible, as that of those who fill the teachers' places week after week, and do not try, by all the power that is in them, to win their scholars' souls for Christ and for heaven. They are waiting to be saved, and perhaps we are the one link between them and Christ. If we fail, they may perish; but their blood will be upon us.

Home Circle.

THE HOME GATHERING.

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. Heaven is our home. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all the country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holidays to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when he gets all his children home with him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for our brothers and sisters to meet after long separation. Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly; now it is face to face. Corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins, and sorrows, and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dry-shod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms

and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death. But home, sweet home! home, beautiful home! everlasting home! home with each other, home with God!

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all round about me in full romp, and hilarity, and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country; it was not in Persia, altho more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, altho more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, altho more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there; and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find a place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of ambers, and ivory, and gold; but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear; and I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?"

And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery had all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in

heaven. And I looked around me, and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap, and shout, and sing, "Home, home, home, home!"—*Talmage.*

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

"Did you see that, mister?" said an elevated railroad guard to a man who stood with him on the rear platform of the first car the other night.

"Yes."

"Well, then," added the guard, "you saw my three little children. They were kneeling at a trunk in front of the window of that house we passed. Over them stood their mother. She was about sending them to bed, but before they go she teaches 'em to pray for me. Yes, and she brings 'em there so I can see 'em. And," he added, with a manly attempt to stifle a sob that welled up in his throat, "she has told me what she tells 'em to say."

"What is it?" inquired the auditor.

"I hope you won't think me foolish, sir, but as I guess you are a married man and a father you may care to hear it. You see, it is this way: The children, they go to bed at nine. That's about the time my train goes by the house. It's right on the line. So just about that moment she brings the little 'uns up to the trunk in their nightgowns, and makes 'em kneel down with their hands clasped on their faces. And then they pray and pray—"

"For you?" was the interruption.

"Yes, you're right. They pray that papa will be good, and kind, and sober, and bring home all his money, and—" The big guard's voice trembled, but he continued with an effort: "I'm rough, tough, and all that, but I love my wife and I love my children. They are the only ones on earth that keeps me straight. Bleeck-e-e-er!" Good-night, sir;" and the train proceeded, leaving at least one man with tears in his eyes.—*New York Daily Recorder.*

LITTLE self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life which God approves.—*Arch deacon F. W. Farrar.*

WHEREVER you find peace you will find it to be the result of trust.